WE havn't a BAT, but we have a curiosity exccedingly rare. So come around and see two hearts from one living animal, which is vouched for by a truthful and responsible party. You will find it at to discover "a silver lining to the cloud"

WILHITE & WILHITE'S

The Acknowledged Headquarters for

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, EXTRACTS.

PATENT MEDICINES AND DYE STUFFS.

Linseed, Machine, Sweet and Castor Oils. Combs, Brushes, Hair Oils, Pomades. Bay Rum, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Sponges, Etc. Fine Soaps, Insect Powders, Fly Paper, Indigo, Madder, Etc.

Powder Puffs, Tooth Powders, Tooth Brushes, Ivan's Dentifrice, and Fine Toilet Goods.

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Supporters, Etc.

Our CIGARS are of Extra quality. None better in the

Best Coal Oil, Lamps and Lamp Goods.

If you are troubled with Flies or Insects of any kind, come buy some of our Insect Powder and get rid of them. Wilhite's Soda Water is still the favorite beverage.

Nothing helps out the Farmer more than a plentiful supply of Turnips. They are good for man and beast. We have a large Stock of

TURNIP SEED.

Which we guarantee to be fresh and true to name. All varieties, from the most reliable growers, which are sold at lowest

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS SOLD VERY CHEAP

SMITH & CO.'S

CLOTHING STORE. WE HAVE NOW ON EXHIBITION ONE OF THE

Finest Stocks Spring and Summer Clothing in the market. COME AND SEE US. We will pass you in free, and charge you nothing for looking. We have just received from market a beautiful line of MENS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING and FURNISHING GOODS. HATS for Men and Boys. Come and see our SUITS FOR THE LITTLE FELLOWS.

The impression has gone out that we were out of the market, but we want to inform our old friends that we are here yet. Come and see us, and we will treat you right.

Don't forget the place.

SMITH & CO., WHITNER STREET, Opposite Auditor's Office.

BARGAINS FOR CASH!

I HAVE A FULL LINE OF

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Clothing
That I will sell AT COST, and LESS THAN COST for the CASH.

I also have a A FULL LINE OF OTHER GOODS that I will sell VERY LOW for Cash. Good Bargains can be found here. If you don't believe it call and see, and you will not be disappointed.

TAKE WARNING!

After the 10th day of April next the Notes and Accounts of the old Firm of REED & MOORHEAD will be found in the hands of an Attorney for collection. Time and money can be saved by calling before then and rettling with me.

March 28, 1885

"Go Tell all the People for Miles Around!"

JOHN M. HUBBARD & BRO ARE PREPARED TO SELL

MORE JEWELRY. MORE SILVERWARE,
MORE CLOCKS, &C.,
AT PRICES MORE TO YOUR NOTION.
THAN EVER BEFORE.

SET EVERYTHING in the shape of a Watch, Clock or Jewelry thoroughly repaired.

Reb 5, 1885

MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS THE HANDSOMEST GOODS

STYLISH SILKS. BEAUTIFUL LACES of all descriptions, CHARGINERIES, JETS and PARSEMENTRIES,

LOVELY EMPROPERS ROBES in the naviest shades.

Our traction and white Dress goods cannot be hispassed. We have gloves, story by Pers and SHOES of every quality.

Don't forget to natice our varied stock of RIBBON, and come and try our stylish that's on before purchasing elsewhere. We feel assured you can be pleased.

Our space is too limited to exhibit our Goods. Anything you do not see call for it, and our secommodating Glerks will take pleasure by waiting on you, even if you do not see the company. We have everything that Ladies and Children NEED to make them happy and surrative.

Very respectfully.

LADIES' STORE. March 20 1885

OUR NEW YORK LETTER. The Commercial Depression-Under the Metropolitan Current—A Lucky Boot-black—A Rare old Violin—The Dramatic

Special Correspondence Intelligencer.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1885. The wisest men confess their itability that overhaugs the business community and threatens disaster. Down on Wall Street, brokers are standing around with their hands idle waiting for customers in a broker's office awaits him, as a rewho do not come, or are speculating on each other to secure the picayune profits that will pay a day's expenses. The banks are flush with money and eager to loan it for one per cent per annum, but there are no borrowers. Railroads and steamships are fighting for travel; rents have come down to keep pace with reduced incomes, and even the favored class who clip coupons are bowing to "the wind that tempers the shorn lamb." The newspapers are full of the "wants" of the unemployed, and shop-keepers are literally giving away their goods. You can buy pawn tickets that represent the saddest of life histories, for a song, and the streets abound in tramps whose only bedroom is the park or open door-

Nevertheless, there is a brighter side to the picture. Material being cheap and labor abundant, many local improvements are in progress. New streets are being cut in the upper part of the city; the waste places are filling up; the Elevated railroads have given an impetus to speculation in real estate, and the men who used to drop their money in Waii Street, are now investing in eight and

THE BROADWAY R. R. After years of turmoil, Broadway has at last succumbed to the rails and we are enjoying a new sensation and con-The withdrawal of the venience. The withdrawal of an omnibuses has proved a blessing, and that the business of the merchants along the street will be increased is doubtless true; but after all, the old New Yorker can't help exclaiming poor Broadway! What with the tearing up of her pavement every month or two, the laying of pipes for gas, steam and water, and the prospect of a tunnel at no distant day, her old-time glory has departed. The wage workers have taken possession below 14th street, and fashionable society now plants its furbelows above Union and Madison Squares.

A DEATH TRAP. There is one feature of the new road which bids fair to prove dangerous. In the haste of laying the tracks, they were placed so near each other that the space between passing cars is less than the diameter of a stout persons body, and whoever carelessly gets off on the wrong side is liable to be caught, twisted around, and thrown under the wheels. There is

the east and grace of a well travelled man of the world. His hair was white and his monstache and imperial trimmed at la militaire. The Source was the conversation with the sense of duty prevailed.'

A RARE OLD VIOLIN.

Some men are born to good lu

which marched to the defence of Paris, it is now on its travels in and wrested the city from the hands of the Commune. France having become quiet, he followed his son to America, and in 1861, threw down his pen as a journalist, and offered his sword to the land of his adoption. He was appointed

ACTORS IN THEIR SUI leading professionals period of rest. Edwin Newport cottege, and sin

A brother journalist yesterday related the following incident which is worth publishing as a lesson to boys. Ten years ago, he picked up in the vestibule of the New York Herdid office, on a stormy winter night, a little six year old child who was fast asleep behind the stairway. He had failed to sell his newspapers, lost one of his shoes and was afraid to go houre to a cruel stap mother. The Editor wrapped his overcoal around the waif, and carried him to a neighboring News boy's Lodging house. He was quite small for his age and so handsume that the authorities of the place expressed a desire to adopt him, but it seems that the little chap wanted to "hoe his own row." The journalist was surprised a week or two later to receive a visit from his young protege. "I've come to thank you, sir," said he, but I don't want to be a newsboy any more; I want to be a newsboy any more; I want to be a boot black; there's lots in it." As the suggestion appeared to be a good one, an outlit was purchased, and the benefactor accompanied the lad to Wall Street, where he was introduced to a number of brokers, and his brief story related.

Since then, the incident had not occurred Au Interesting Talk About that Country.

when during a visit to the exchange, he was accosted with the usual cry "Black your boots, sir?" Looking in the face of the tall, manly looking boy who had spoken, he recognized in the blue eyes and curly hair, his little friend of ten years before. In the conversation which years before. In the conversation which followed, he learned that the lad had steadily pursued his chosen vocation, made many friends, and by his industry saved nearly three hundred dollars which he now has in bank. As soon as the ward for his fidelity, and the same enter-prise that has so successfully carried him

thus far, may one day make him the head of a great firm. At any rate, the boy has a bright future before him and is an example of what may be accomplished by a lad who "paddles his own POLITENESS THAT DID'NT PAY.

There is an old saying that "politeness is like an air cushion; though there's nothing in it, it eases our jolts wonderfully." Recently, it did not prove true. In a crowded Sixth Avenue car last week, an old gentleman gallantly rose to give his seat to a lady. As he did so, a rude but well dressed fellow took it. Thinking there was some misunderstanding, the old gentleman explained matters. The other surlly replied, "I found the seat empty, and I'm going to keep it."

"Then you are not fit for decent society; you're a blackguard; you respect "Then you are not fit for decent society; you're a blackguard; you respect
neither woman, nor the gray hairs of
your seniors." "Old man, if it was'nt
for your years, I'd smash you!" "Waive
the years, and get right out here," exclaimed the now enraged grandsire,
"and I'll teach you that you are not only
a blackguard, but a coward and a pupny." But the younger man did the budge

a blackguard, but a coward and a pup-py." But the younger man did'nt budge until several blocks were passed, when he pulled the strap, slighted and said, "Now I'm ready for you," but before the old man could turn around, the fellow darted to an opposite corner, brought a policeman, and the gentleman was hustled off to Court. One or two of the passengers went along and testified in his passengers went along and testified in his befalf but the brute and the officer were chums, and both being in the same political "ring" with the "Justice" the culprit was fined ton dollars. It was paid on the spot, but the fiery veteran as he left the court room could not refrain from saying that he would give a hundred dollars more for the privilege of a conversation with the scoundrel just three minutes long, and if he did'nt

three minutes long, and if he did'nt polish him off in that time, it would be because his right hand had forgotten its BEHIND THE SCENES. How few people recognize the distress-ing circumstances under which actors and other public servants are sometimes compelled to keep their engagements or dis-appoint the multitude. Just before the dramatic season closed, a prominent commedian was forced to leave his dying wife and go upon the stage to make the people laugh. On reaching home, he found her a corpse. Last Sunday I visited Manhattan Beach to listen to the music of Gilmore's Band. It was generally observed that the famous leader was and thrown under the wheels. There is a probability that heavy damages will be paid to some sufferer in the near future, and that the Courts will order a wider interval between the rails, which will require the tearing up of half the structure.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

The undercurrents of life in the Metropolis frequently afford strange incidents. One of these come to my notice the other day while sitting in a restaurant. An old gentleman entered and occupied a vacant seat opposite. After giving his order he entered into conversation with the ease and grace of a well travelled.

man of the world. His hair was white and his monstache and imperial trimed a la militaire. The figure was small, but compact and supple, and he looked what he was, every note an old soldier.

It turned out that he was a Frenchman who has passed the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the greater part of whose life had been spent in the army. A graduate of the military school of St. Cyr, he was sent as a young lieutenant to Africa, where he engaged in the campaign against Ab del Kader. On the breaking out of the Crimean War he went with his regiment of Zouaves to Sebastopol, and was one of the daring band who scaled the wall of the Malakoff. Here he was wounded, but made a captain for his gallantry, and at the close of war, transferred to another department of the army. Here again, at Solferino, Sadowa, and other great battles, and still later in the Franco-Prussian War, he followed the tri-color, and was with that portion of the French columns which marched to the defence of Paris, and wrested the city from the hands of the Commune. France having become Some men are born to good luck and

and wrested the city from the hands of the Commune. France having become quiet, he followed his ason to America, and in 1861, threw down his pen as a journalist, and offered his sword to the land of his adoption. He was appointed to assist in the organization and drilling of the new regiments and subsequently was ordered to the field, where he was promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy of a Pennsylvania regiment. He fought until the end, was wounded three or four times, and after the var was honorably discharged but, like many another brave fellow, without a solitary resource for a livelihood. Meanwhile, his sou had been killed in battle, his wife had died, and to cap the climax of his misfortunes, a second wife, young and attractive, "skipped his ranche" and left him homeless. In this predicament, he managed to secure a small news route in the upper portion of the city, sold papers and magazines, and gradually enlarging his business, now employs a number of carriers, and has an income, he avers, of from \$2500 to \$3000 s year.

The cld gentleman was as chirpy as a boy, and no one would suspect that he had passed through half a dozen warabeen scarred by bullets and bayonets, and had enough romance in his career to make a book.

AN ENTERPRISING POOT-BLACK.

A brother journalist yesterday related the following incident which is sorther to make a book.

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AN ENTERPRISING POOT-BLACK.

A brother journalist yesterday related the following incident which is sworth publishing as a lesson to boys. Ten ACTORS IN THEIR SUMMER HOMES.

THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

News and Courier.

News and Courier.

On Wednesday last a representative of the News and Courier had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Jokichi Takamine, the Japaneso Commissioner to the New Orleans Exposition, who has been in Charleston for several days, and who has been inspecting the phosphate industries of South Carolina. Mr. Takamine was found at the New Brighton Hotel, and the Reporter and the Commissioner had quite a long talk, during which many things were said which will doubtless be of interest to the public.

Mr. Takamine seated himself at the table in the reading room of the hotel, and took from his pocket aqueer-looking little book which contained the statistics of the Empire of Japan, but which was

of the Empire of Japan, but which was totally unlike any book that has ever been printed in this country. It had two backs and one leaf, the one leaf being folded like a fan. The printing was in Japanese characters, and was unintelligible of course to perhala but a large gible, of course, to anybody but a Japa-nese or a graduate of Vassar College. The convenience of its arrangement was proved by the rapidity with which the Commissioner answered the questions that were addressed to him after referring

Mr. Takamine said that he is a gradu-ate of the Imperial College of Engineering at Tokio.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN JAPAN. "Freee college?" inquired the Re-

porter.

"Oh, yes, it is supported by the Government and is under the direction of the public works department. I learned to speak English at college, as the professors are all English. After graduating I spent two years in England, and on my way home to Japan crossed the American Continent, thus, like Mr. Phineas Forg. making a complete tour of the eas Fogg, making a complete tour of the world. There are about \$0,000 schools in Japan, public and privats. The public schools are supported by the local government from the proceeds of taxation just as the public schools in this State are supported."

HOW THE COUNTRY IS GOVERNED. "Elections? No, we don't have any elections to speak of. The various towns

"The population of the Empire is 37,000,000, of which about seven thousand are foreigners. The standing army numbers about 100,000 men, and the Imperial

there are no slaves or serfs in Japan. I don't think there ever was. We are all

ments—"
"Ten," suggested the Reporter.
"Yes, I mean your Ten Commandments are embodied in substance in the moral law which prevails in Japan and which is inculcated as a part of the Japanese religion."

The Commissioner did not seem to have very clear convictions on this substance.

have very clear convictions on this subject, although he answered very pleasantly and courteously the somewhat personal questions that were addressed to him.

THE POSTAL SYSTEM. Mr. Takamine went on to give a veet Mr. Takamine went on to give a vast fund of information about Japan. The postal system, he said, is very complete. There are six thousand postoffices in the Empire, the rates of postage being about the same as in this country. The postmasters are appointed by the Emperor, their tenure of office being at the Emperor's pleasure.

"Would offensive partisanship be considered a cause for removal," asked the

uated, Kiushiu, Shikoku and Yesso. There are in addition one hundred and seven smaller islands, so that it is literally a kingdom of islands, covering an area of about 157,648 square miles. The

The Japanese exhibit at the New Or leans Exposition was said to be one of the finest. There were fourteen roups exhibited by the various Governmental departments and exhibits from sixty-one departments and exhibitors, all of which were classified and grouped, and of which an able, intelligent and exhaustive descriptive catalogue was prepared by Mr. Takamine and Mr. K. Tamari, the Commissioners, and printed in English.

Mr. Takamine visited the Charleston Phosphate Company's mines and works

Phosphate Company's mines and works on Wednesday, and those of the Atlantic, Edisto and Ashley companies yesterday. He inspected minutely the process of washing and crushing and preparing the rock, and also visited the mines. To day he will probably pay a visit to some of the marine works.

"I have been very much pleased with my visit here," he said, in closing the interview, "and have been very much astonished and delighted at all that I have seen. I trust that the object for which I came here will be found to be presticable and successful, and that it practicable and successful, and that it will result in the establishment of a trade between the two countries which will be profitable to both."

From Charleston Mr. Takamine will go to Washington, where he will remain some time. He expects to return to Japan about the beginning of September.

Fighting Ancient and Modern.

elections of Sections of Secti in Tokio the council consists of seventyfive representatives—quite a large body."

"Our Emperor is named Mutsuhito.
He has reigned for eighteen years, and is
still under 40 years of sge. He can
trace his descent back two thousand five
hundred wear during all of which time trace his descent back two thousand five hundred years, during all of which time his family have been on the throne. There are three classes of the people:

The Kuwazoku, or nobility, the titles being hereditary; the Shizoku, or soldier class, and the Haimin, or common people is the rife, and modern warfare, and relatively not much more effective, though just as coarse and brutal. The class, and the Haimin, or common people is the rife, and modern warfare, and relatively not much more effective, though just as coarse and brutal. The class, and the Haimin, or common people is the rife, and modern warfare are caused to the rife and run pretty nearly aimilar risk. though just as coarse and brutal. The long bow was quite as effective a weapon as the rifle, and modern cannon do not seem to be any great advantage on the balistæ and battering rams of the ancients. In naval warfare we have actually graph best savints one of the most ally gone back again to one of the most ancient naval manowers, that of ramancient naval manovers, that of ram-ming. The siege trains of the precent day are just as cumbersome as sieve trains in times when as the Bible tells us, "Mountains and hills were made low and valleys exalted; when rough places were made plain and the crooked straight." Science has not yet said its last word on the adaptation of nature's secrets to resistance against rapine, car nage, and wrong, whether exercised by nation or nations against individuals. Even now substances are known to chemists which it only needs finer mechanical skill to make into efficient and invincible agents for defending civilization against barbarism and savagery. What secrets may be, and no doubt are hid in the womb of nature, and are waiting to be revealed by the hand of science, can only be conjectured. But we may be sure of this much—that the higher the civiliza-tion and the more developed the intellect of the future, the more hopeless will become the attempts of needy and adven-turous barbarians against the well-being of rich and highly civilized nations. If the rich Romans had left to Britain with their civilization a body of physical knowledge similar to that even of to day, the Saxon conquest would have been impossible.

Mary Ann at Long Branch.

A woman who by her own efforts carves out a great fortune in this world of strife is always an interesting spectacle. Such a woman is Mrs. Dr. R. Leddy, known in commerce throughout the United States and in a large part of Eu-rope as plain Mary Ann Connolly, the New York dressmaker and importer. She is just now a familiar figure at Long Branch. She owns eight of the handsomest cottages at that fashionable resort, representing in the aggregate a third of a million of dollars. The last that she has erected is a magnificent structure, have the Child's will at Elbaron. It is near Mr. Child's villa at Elberon. It is splendidly decorated, the dining room being panelled in porcelain. It is worth \$80,000. All of the cottages are rented this season, and Mme. Connolly, as the woman is commonly called, resides in a modest hotel. She is a tall, robust, high-shouldered woman of extraordinary energy and executive ability. Her own toilets can hardly be said to be beautiful, masters are appointed by the Emperor, their tenure of office being at the Emperor's pleasure.

"Would offensive partisanship be considered a cause for removal," asked the Reporter.

"I understand," replied the Commissioner, with a smile which evinced his appreciation of the joke. "We have no such offence in Japan.

"Telegraphs? Oh, yes; the telegraph wires extend all through the Empire, and railroads are being constructed in every direction. Lighthouses, too, are kept up around the entire coast."

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

"Our exports are annually \$36,000,000, or nearly \$1 for each person on the

"Our exports are annually \$36,000,000, or nearly \$1 for each person on the island. Our imports are \$23,000,000 annually. Newspapers? Oh, yes, there are plenty of newspapers. In Tokio there are seven large and five or six small papers. By a large paper we mean a daily. The circulation of the large paper is about 7,000 each. There are also 1,000 banks in the Empire. The tax is 2 per cent. on the value of real estate. The annual income of the Government is about \$360,000,000, the public debt about \$300,000,000, on which interest is paid at different rates, ranging from five to eight per cent. The debt was greatly increased by the revolution about twenty years ago."

This revolution, Mr. Takamine says, was headed by the Emperor against the military chiefs who had usurped the Imperial powers, and who had greatly oppressed the people. It was successful and the growth of Japan dated from the day of the restoration of the Emperor.

A KINGDOM OF ISLANDS.

The Empire of Japan consists of a congression of islands, the visiting her father, Gen. Philadelphia Press.

—The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune is to be credited with this: "We learn from a gentleman just from up the country, that on June 24 the mosquitoes were so thick at Waldo that they completely enveloped a locomotive on the Florida Railway and Navigation Company's road. The engine eer could not see ten steps before him, and in consequence, the train was delayed several hours. Clouds of the insects were floating around in the air thicker than the locusts in Kansas in 1877, and completely obscured the rays of the sun. It was so dark that the lamps had to be lift, and it was some three hours before the mosquitoes cleared away sufficiently for the train to move on."

—Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, the widow of the dashing Confederate cavalry general, is visiting her father, Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, of Detroit. Mrs. Stuart pearled aix months before the war broke out and the father and some included the provided that they completely enveloped a locomotive on the Florida Railway and

was headed by the Emperor against the military chiefs who had usupped the Imperial powers, and who had greatly opported the people. It was successful and the growth of Japan dated from the day of the restoration of the Emperor.

A KINGDOM OF ISLANDA.

The Empire of Japan consists of a son-in-law entered the opposing armies long chain of islands, the principal ones long the many of the capital is six only once on the battledeld.

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The Empire of Japan consists of a son-in-law entered the opposing armies long chain of islands, the principal ones long the capital is six only once on the battledeld.

The indicate was provided the widow of the dashing Confederate cavalry wouldn't have any fool of a man. "And wouldn't have any fool of a man." "And as you can't get any other kind," remain single. Well, I don't know as I blame you."—Boston Transcript.

— In life's doings there are circuitous paths; when a man seems to be doing one thing, he is doing another.

THE GREAT, PULPIT COMMONER. Sam Jones's Wonderful Success as

Correspondence Nashville American. I freely confess myself much less at a loss to make up my mind as to whether Brother Jones is a great preacher than I have been to finally determine whether Grant is a great general. If he were not thoroughly earnest and honest in his professions he could not deceive not only the people where he has preached abroad, but those at home who have known him (as saint and sinner) from infancy—as a minister for twelve or thirteen years. I have just conversed with a gentleman who was long a resi-dent of the county in which Cartersville (Jones's home) is situated. He thinks very much of this modern Jonah; says very much of this modern Jonah; says every word is true of the story he himself tells of his former revelry and rapscallionism. That he drank, drank, drank, and went down, down, down, until he got to driving a dray fer a living. This may be true or net; if not, I hope Brother Jones, in his next reference to the press, will candidly admit that not the newspapers, but the people, are the champion liars of the age. Newspapers are always honest, truth-telling interpreters. Indeed, they could not be otherwise. They reflect, just as a mirror does, that portion of the world held before it,

wise. They reflect, just as a mirror does, that portion of the world held before it, and if liars are abroad, or lies, like lousy bats, encircle the air, they must be represented in the faithful newsgatherer. Papers are invariably truthful; it is you, sir, and you, and you, who are the liars. No ordinary Georgia scrub could come to Tennessee and take possession as Brother Jones has done. He is either the greatest revivalist of the United States to-day or Tennesseeans are the most consummate asses living. So, indeed, are the Texans, Mississippians and others, for he has aroused the same excitement everywhere. Coi. B. F. Lillard, of this city, pronounces him the great pulpit commoner, as Pitt, Clay and Johnson were the great commoners of the political world. Fick out from the list of the converts the names of the few "hardened in the great state." converts the names of the few "hardened sinners" at the head of this letter. sinners" at the head of this letter. They are men of brains and courage and convictions; men whom no ordinary breeze could move from any position. Read his sermons. Are they not, for the most part, full of plain, practical sense and theological orthodoxy? If the Christion's Bible is the foundation of hope, who could better testify to the common people (or the uncommon people either) his faith in the divinity of the written word than when he says:

the written word than when he says:
"I believe the whale swallowed Jonah "I believe the whale swallowed Jonah; believe it literally. I only do not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale simply because the Bible doesn't say he did."

To the sinner who hesitates, who waits for his "feelings" to move him, who wants to "feel" that he is good enough to go before he makes any change in his conduct. was there ever a more homely or more convincing illustration presented than the anecdote of the man who sat down, axe in hand, at the root of a tree

one cold, frosty morning, waiting for the sweat to break out before he went to Jones admits his natural Brother weakness. He has the appearance of a man of a hasty and once violent tem-per. It must have been difficult at first to keep a lock upon his lips; ho is no doubt a man, brave, impulsive, courageous—the very sort open to temptation.
Was there ever a better illustration of cone liable to fall, yet determined to stand, than that made yesterday of himself:

"I wa't care how often one errs, if he'll honestly strive to restrain himself how it came about that Corporal Jimmie, and resource his more when he with his left arm hyphen by Bir Sirvie.

Jones's words are plain and blunt?

What though he prefers to call the devilthe devil rather than "His satanic excellency from the burned district?" Or likes unshirted "hell" better than "ahoel" in purple and fine linen? He moves his because He belds in his heart than "held." hearers. He holds in his hand the assembled thousands; and whether he assembled thousands; and whether he preach forty minutes or two hours they hang on, obedient to his will! Net results decide the issue. Men of all grades and classes enjoy his sermons alike. They rise at 5 in the morning to prepare for his 6 o'clock service—men, women and children, who, perhaps, have never seen the sun rise till now. And when the exhortation is delivered and never seen the sun rise till now. And when the exhortation is delivered and "Pralms of Victory" sung, they move forward from all parts of the tent, and "those who came to scoff remain to pray." The barkseper and his patron, the gambler and his victim, the doctor and his patient, men and women, lawyer and client, good and bad, hardened age and tender childhood, till within the past three days, at this meeting alone, three or four hundred have either professed religion or declared themselves penitent.

pentient.

It is the proud boast of Brother Jones's friends and admirers that in a single retriends and admirers that in a single revival at Knoxville he closed twenty-seven barrooms, and thus redeemed two hundered and seventy drunkards. How poor and insignificant seem all the results of the Maine liquor and bleeding Kansas prohibition laws, in comparison with a property of the that?

And so he was. They took to each other like twin ducks, and were the fast-est, firmest friends you ever saw. Big Sam dropped all mean ways, and within a year was orderly sergeant of the company, while Corpor. I immit was a liquid tenant.—Detroit Tie. Ares. work like that?

A Queer Freak of Lightning.

Dr. Reid tells of a very strange freak of electricity on the person of Robert Burdett, colored, Sunday afternoon. He and the family were seated in the house when a bolt descended the chimney, struck him fair in the forehead, then glancing, burnt his arm, and running down his legs, tore his pantalons in strips, and after demolishing his great toe, passed out of the bottom of his shoe, leaving a hole as if made by a bullet. A portion of it then passed through the floor, splitting it, and the rest taking effect on a large dog near by laid him out forever. A negro in the same house was knocked senseless. The boy remained as if dead for awhile, but recovered, and when the doctor called to see him he was able to go about, though complaining some of numbness. It is one of the most wonderful cases ever known, and gives additional proof to the already well firmed beliaf that if you want to kill a negro never strik, him on the head.—Kamyord Interior Journal.

A corrrespondent requiration to the New York World:

There has arisen considerable discussion between myself and others regarding the propriety of using Miss or Mrs.

There has arisen considerable discussion between myself and others regarding the propriety of using Miss or Mrs.

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The World and others regarding the propriety of using Miss on between myself and others regarding the propriety of using Miss or Mrs.

The World and others regarding the propriety of using Miss on connection with marriage. It is the rightful title of any voman who governs a house, and is properly applied properly only to title girls under ten years old. Girls over that age are Mrs. by courtesy, if not by right. Mr. means master, firm means able to go about, though complaining some of numbness. It is one of the most wonderful cases ever known, and gives additional proof to the already well firmed beliaf that if you want to kill a negro never strik, him on the bead.—Kamyord Interi Dr. Reid tells of a very strange freak

The Big and Little Corporals.

—never having been given a fair show in my younger days—the reader is asked to excuse my plain language and bad gram-

and younger theys—the reader is said to excuse my plain language and bad grammar.

You must know that I belonged to the Fifteenth Alabama infantry, and that we went to the front pretty early in the war. We thus had our pick of good men. In my company the third corporal was a powerful big chap named Sam Chapin, who had been overseer on a plantation near Huntsville. He was not only big and powerful, but his nigger driving habits had made a selfish, overbearing and cruel man of him. He hadn't been in the company a week before half the men were down on him for his meanness.

Big Sam also had his dislikes, but there was one man he hated in particular. I shouldn't have said man, for he was only a boy seventeen years olderlim, pale faced and as timid in look as a girl. Sam took a hatred of this boy on sight, and he let no occasion pass to naghim and render his hard lot still harder. Jimmie, as the boy was called, had no compaints to make

Jimmie, as the boy was called, had no complaints to make. He was of a forgiving disposition, and no matter what he felt or thought, we never heard him confelt or thought, we never heard him con-demning anybody by word of mouth. Some of us would have killed Big Sam had we been in Jimmie's place, but such a thing as striking back seemed never to have occurred to the boy. Well, one day when a part of our regi-ment was cut off from the brigade by a flank movement of the union troops, and our situation was desperate, our captain steps out and says:

our situation was desperate, our captain steps out and sayn:

"Boys, I want to send word to Colonel—. Where's the man who'll take it?"

He was looking right at Big Sam all the time, but that individual turned two shades whiter and hid himself in the rear shades whiter and hid himself in the rear ranks, muttering that nobody but a fool would try to push past 3,000 yankee muskets with the message. The first thing we knew Jimmie had mounted a horse from which some office had been shot and was riding away. How he ever run that gauntlet with his life was more than we could tell, but he did get through and down came enough of our forces to help us out of the box.

There was new cause for Big Sam to hate Jimmie. The boy had not only exhibited greater courage in the face of danger and right before us all, but he was promoted to be third corporal. This was a promotion right over the head of Big Sam, and he felt it to the ends of his fingers. He couldn't neg the boy any

fingers. He couldn't neg the boy any more, and I have no doubt he swore a solemn oath to kill him at the first opportunity. Indeed he hinted as much, and became so ugly and abusive to all that some of us wanted to kill him.

Well in about six waste we had

that some of us wanted to kill him.

Well, in about six weeks we had another tussle with the yanks. We got into it hot and heavy, and as we were driving them for the moment I found myself alongside of Big Sam. We were disputing for a rise of ground, and far in advance of us, carrying the flag which the color-bearer had dropped as a bullet had hit him, was Corporal Jimmie. I was feeling proud to see him there, when, as heaven is my judge, I saw Big Sam raise his musket, take deliberate aim at the boy, and next moment Corporal Jimthe boy, and next moment Corporal Jim-

mie went down.
It was a hurlyburly time, with grape and lead cutting all around us, and I let the incident pass for the time, determin-ed, though, that Big Sam should pay the forfoit after the battle.

he'll honestly strive to restrain himself and recover his proper balance when he does err. All along the way we meet with condicts and temptations. When I stamblo and fall, thank God I always fall like an India rubber ball, I fall bouncing! God will put his angels on half rations to keep an honest man and his family from starving."

Withal, he reaches men of less impossible sympathies by mixing horse sense logic with horse sense anecdotes and illustrations, for no one can more clearly establish to the multitude his proposition that "religion is a matter of principle and conviction."

But the best answer to all his critics is to point to results. What if Brother

how it came about that Corporal Jimmie, with his left arm broken by Big Sam's bullet, found himself lying beside the exvoverseer who had a Yankee bullet in his leg. There were plenty of other wounded, and some dead ones, too, but our two men lay almost side by side. Big Sam was groaning, cursing and whining like the coward he was, when a canteen was bellet, found himself lying beside the exvoverseer who had a Yankee bullet in his leg. There were plenty of other wounded, and some dead ones, too, but our two men lay almost side by side. Big Sam's bullet, found himself lying beside the exvoverseer who had a Yankee bullet in his leg. There were plenty of other wounded, and some dead ones, too, but our two men lay almost side by side. Big Sam's bullet, found himself lying beside the exvoverseer who had a Yankee bullet in his leg. There were plenty of other wounded, and some dead ones, too, but our two men lay almost side by side. Big Sam's bullet, found himself lying beside the exvoverseer who had a Yankee bullet in his leg. There were plenty of other wounded, and some dead ones, too, but our two men lay almost side by side. Big Sam was groaning, cursing and whining like the coward he was, when a canteen was held within reach and a voice said:

"Take it, comrade—a drink will ease your pain."

"We what! is it you?" exclaimed the overseer as he rose up on his

are hit the worst. Can I help you?"
"You help me?"
"Of course." It paralyzed Big Sam to meet with such words from the man he had tried to kill. After a time he groaned out: "Say, Jimmie, you orter shoot me through the head !" "What for?"

"Cause, I'm the man as fired that bullet into you!"
"Well, I don't want revenge, I'm now able to crawl away, but I wout leave

now able to crawl away, but I wont leave you?"

The yanks were massing artillery to play on that rise of ground, and what does Corporal Jimmie do but get up in the face of all the sharpshoeters and wounded and faint as he was, half drag, half carry Rig Sam down into a sheltered ravine. More'n that, he binds up his wound, and makes him pretty comfortable, and there we found em along towards night, when a grand charge finally gave us the ground.

You remember, I had seen Eig Sam draw a bead on the boy, but when I went to make a stir ever it Corporal Jimmie said:

mle said:
"Please, dont! He has been punished enough. I think he will be a changed man." And so he was. They took to each other like twin ducks, and were the fast-

A correspondent responds the following question to the New York World. There has arisen considerable discussion between myself and others regarding the propriety of using Miss or Mrs. before the maiden name of a gracewidow who has dropped the name of her divorced husband.